

MCWZ

MOUNTAINBOARDING ZINE



* yorkshire spot guide

* dirtsurfing... it's not what you think

* the lard powered weekend

* the final round at out to grass

EVERYTHING EXCEPT MOUNTAINBOARDING IS SHIT.

Hello everyone! Here we are... again! Issue two! Who would have believed it? Certainly not us. Straight down to business. We've got some proper spot guides, none of this taking the piss shit. Myself (Andy W.), I have absolutely poured my heart out about why I love mountainboarding and how I came to be doing it. As for me (Welly), it was amazing to catch up with some of the guys I've been riding with in the past, at the final round at Out To Grass. It's been far too long.

This issue has been a lot of fun to compile. You know who you are, those who made it easier for us. Thank you for your contributions, input and opinions.

So how did we come about what we're doing this time? We looked at what we did with the first issue, which was really just to put something out and see how it went. With the positive response we received, we decided "fuck it!!!", we'll try again!

So this is issue two. What have we been up to? Riding lots, and lots. For a pair of old cunts we surprise ourselves. We've met new people, both in our area and all around. Nice to meet you all. We've been to London to check out the LARD scene and well enjoyed ourselves. We also went to Out To Grass. Anyone who was there, you know how good it was. We've found some new spots, a collection of decent spots. We hope you'll come and ride with us. We can put you up, and take you out for a beer. Provided you're happy to reciprocate and have us riding down your way so we can cover your scene.

We'll tell you our take on the Out To Grass competition (we loved it). And we're looking forward to seeing you all at the Maxtrack Classic.

Cheers,

SCUZ



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EDITORIAL

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Andy W, (the now Reverend) Welly

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Front Cover

Rider: Clive Galway (from LARD) at XBP

NEXT ISSUE

- * bristol and district crew - bristol road trip
- * more spot guides than you can shake a shitty stick at
- * maxtrack classic at eastnor castle
- * a free poster! probably
- * the usual assortment of fun, frolics and bollocks

THANKS

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Want to see your name up here? Then get in touch and get involved.

ADVERTISING AND CONTACTS

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The views expressed in this zine are those of Scuz, it's editorial staff and those of our contributors.

Should you wish to contribute towards future issues, contact Scuz via one of the methods below.

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Always wear a helmet.

Hoping for a bit of interaction from our readers and perhaps creating a bit of debate, we decided to add a letters page as we've had a few letters about the zine, about riding in general sent in from some of you guys out there. so without further ado, lets kick this off with our letter of the month from penguin82...

hey m8 its penguin82 frm atb here,

u sed a while bak u mite be interested in my story about going to centre parks and the whole water jump thing well in detail here it is...

Night 1

Sunday the 3rd of august me and my mate just met a little gang of ppl, l8er on they asked us if we wanted to go get drunk with them so with out hesitation me and my mate were there. Now a couple hours later we're all very tipsy on sum gd old stella and we were discussing about my mountain board, as it happened while talking i saw this long kicker / jeti thing. So i thought to my self well this could be interesting, i told my m8 and he was up 4 it as well, but he was going to ride in on a centre parks bike while pulling me on the mountain board, so we get own there put are swimming stuff on (still rat assed!) and soon go bombing round on to the jeti and flying strate into the water head first! Excellent!.

Night 2

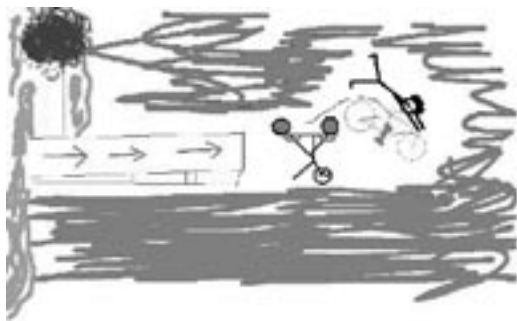
monday 4th of august and the next nite agen we decide to get very drunk with are little crew! so after last nite of us making them wet them selves with laughter we thought WHEY! lets do it Again! so off we go this time we thought we'd put sum style in to it not only did we agree on going Naked we thought pulling a few tricks wont go amiss, so we stripped of my m8 jumped on the bike and jumped on the my board and of we go again, as my m8 goes in on the bike he pulls a superman but lands in a REALLY painfull place (think about it!) and wasn't to happy, then i cum down just behind and try an attemp at a back flip indy grab which wasn't so succesful as i ended up sum how up side down landing in the water a bit painfull! After these events we thought it best not to attempt

them again on our little holiday

lol

Cheers....Chris Aka Penguin and reagards to my mate Bradley

Chris and Bradley, thank you very much for writing in. Riding naked together sounds like great fun, I hope you're very happy together. This picture is the best thing I've ever seen. Have a free something stolen from some supermarket.



drawing by Chris aka Penguin

That's it for letters this issue! So cheers to Chris, our one and only letter-writerer. He win's something, you could have done too! So get scribbling in and tell us your stories, thoughts about mountainboarding or anything else you want to get off your mind! Tell us we're shit! Tell us we're ace! Just tell us something!

Send your emails to **scuz@nobs.org.uk** or for those technologically challenged, you can always use the good old Royal Mail. Ok, it's not good, or old anymore thanks to Consignia. Write to -

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For those in foreign lands, stick United Kingdom on the end.

I hold this sport dear to me. Very dear. I don't think I'll get too much criticism from you lot about this, although I have been called sad. I actually think I have a bit of an obsession - Hollywood would probably call it dangerous instinct.

I have been trying to fathom out why this type of board riding in particular has caught me so completely in its headlights. After all, I have been riding boards (skateboards, skimboards, body boards, sandboards) for well over ten years now, but nothing prepared me for how profoundly mountain boarding would affect me.

I started skateboarding first time at around nine or ten years old. I had a bloody great wooden ironing board with hard plastic wheels on it. It was called a 'madskull' (I honestly think those dire heavy metal graphics, the bleeding skull with the knife through, adversely affected my music tastes for the rest of my life!!), how hardcore?!! My hero was Michael J fox in 'Back to the future', I wanted nothing more than to ride into the town centre of the shitty little seaside resort where I lived on the back of a moving vehicle.

God how I loved that piece of shit!! I rode it till it totally died. The tail plate dropped to bits first, the board delaminate due to my sketchy all weather riding, and eventually the whole tail of the board dropped off, leaving a very unhappy little boy. Awww.

I think it was just before my twelfth birthday I got my first proper concaved deck skateboard, it was a mini, blank, ramp deck, Independant trucks, and bright pink 97mm Powell Peralta T-bone wheels.

I played and played and played, on school playgrounds, in my neighbourhood, we wound up the parents and neighbours of every friend in our gang, just riding round continually, sometimes dragging lethal home made little ramps about with us. One day we went to a

'skate park' in Eston, at a place called The Herlingshaw centre (which has since been purchased by Middlesbrough Football Club, for five a side football training, the tossers!), I say skate park but there was a couple of dilapidated old ramps, a few completely unusable dilapidated old ramps, and a half pipe.

I tried dropping in on this half pipe, and found out around one month later (after repeatedly bashing the same knee in the same place, and starting to moan about it), and one week before the start of the six week holidays that I had put a crack two thirds of the way across my patella (or kneecap for you budding surgeons out there).

I proceeded to be a complete bastard for the next six weeks, to anybody and everybody who came anywhere near me, what with being in plaster for the whole summer, and starting puberty. Not pretty.

Getting my pot off was ace, apart from summer being damn near over and having one skinny ugly little leg where the muscle had wasted, and the other boys I skated with being much better than me. So prolific in playground politics, the strong and the skilful prevail, I was out.

It was another three year before boarding would again capture my imagination. Skimboarding (chucking an oval, concaved wooden disc into very shallow surf, running and jumping onto it) was to be my next little board riding pass time. Although slamming on wet sand is akin to running and diving onto sandpaper, I was 15, and didn't give a fuck.

That little honeymoon ended with the board (not exactly a 'pro' model) dropping slowly but surely to piece in the inky and dependably toxic waters of Redcar's North Sea coast.

I ended up making one myself after this, but couldn't for the life of me work out how to get a concave to stay, and so the sport soon lost its



some skimboarding action



a youthful andy w. doing a big ollie. can't do that anymore, can you???

interest. And Redcar's beaches never had any interest, except for passing dogs looking for a place to shit, or fight.

One year later skateboarding came back into my life. I had managed to acquire some more friends (took a while, let me tell you!!) and after seeing some skate video or other they had gone out and board boards, decent ones straight away, not the mad skull I started on!! I had a go, and to my surprise, and their jealousy, I could still 'ollie'. I was hooked again, quickly becoming the best in skater in Redcar. This would currently be quite a feat, as Redcar ironically boasts a real quality skate park, but back then there were 5 or 6 of us, maximum, we used to get loads of shit off the backward townies and locals, but we were proud, I was proud. I used to go skating two or three times a week, and then go for a smoke with the boys after and check out our scabs. They were good times.

Injuries plagued my skating life however, broken ribs, sprained ankles, and bashed nuts. You name it I had scars there!!

At 23 I moved to Leeds, after living and skating in Middlesbrough for 2 years, to be with my girlfriend as she studied for a philosophy degree, this after travelling 6 months in India and not riding any sort of board (apart from the odd bit of body boarding), and not skating properly for 6 months prior to that again due to ankle injuries.

Skating in Leeds was pretty far removed from those heady days in Redcar. The boys weren't what I was used to, in Redcar or Middlesbrough. Cliques, image orientated, some bullshit gangster attitudes, and very competitive, which is fine, apart from at 23, without sponsorship, I was quite happy with the fact I was never going to get a sponsorship, in fact I was quite happy with the fact I was still skating hard at 23. Most of the boys I started skating with having already given up (lazy gits!!). So basically I wasn't impressed by guys of 17 and 18 year

old watching me not make a trick, and then try it in front of me, make it and then look for a reaction.

What did they want, a kiss? I already have a girlfriend.

So I soon stopped skating so regularly, other than as a fairly eco and fun method of transport. It left a big hole in my life. I filled it with booze and drugs, and inevitably that greatest tragedy to which most men at some time succumb. Work. What can I say? It was a dire state of affairs. I read a lot and improved my mind, and got involved in some low level political activism. But that day when I walked into the local chain skate store, and saw a mountain board I was like "Offroad skateboarding?!!" My mind crackled as the possibilities presented themselves.

It wasn't the first time I had seen a mountain board, although the first time I had seen one popped into my head when I laid eyes on the Scrub Scudda. I had been to see Helmet play the Rockcity in Nottingham, and a skatestore there had an old school deck, truck with a load of risers and kind of like XT wheels. I loved it and wanted one, but I was a poor scruffy skate kid, and alas the £120 price tag was more than I could muster (I was about 19 and had been kicked out of home, not a financially strong point in my life). Say awwwww. Ha! Ha!

However at 25 and settled, the Scrub Scudda's £100 price tag was affordable. Except I didn't like it, so I upgraded the next day to the trusty easy rider, my heart sinking some to see a "made in Thailand" sticker on the truck. My conscience nearly didn't allow me, but my need for some kind of board sport, especially some offroad action, over road my ethics. I wasn't proud, but I was happy, and excited.

I mostly road it like a skateboard, jumping down steps, bouncing off drop offs and justifying the higher price of the Easy rider to my girlfriend by riding it to work (Rush hour traffic, no brakes. Interesting).

It wasn't until I started using that runaway pentagon invention the Internet I was introduced to other riders in the north of our great land, and our local centre (Another World in Halifax) that obsession started to set in.

Riding with Leon Dove and Niki Wainright my eyes were opened. Especially when I was driven out to the peak district, where there are plenty hills, which are plenty extreme.

I soon upgraded to the better and undeniably more ethic friendly noSno (Labour issues and unionisation doesn't seem such an issue when the boys produce the boards themselves, and spent half their time travelling all over the place for testing!!) and I haven't looked back , except when riding fakie (sorry. that was awful, somebody shoot the editor - ed).

I now live with Welly (which sounds worse than it actually is, we don't sleep together, but enjoy riding together...err, no, not like that. We both have smelly pads is what I mean) who is just as obsessed as I am luckily, and our scene in Leeds is starting to blossom.

We have been on road trips to Scotland, and London, and as I write part of this, we are travelling to Out To Grass, quite a poignant moment for me, as it is to be my first mountain boarding competition.

As I grow older I know that this sport won't leave me alone (much to the annoyance of 'er indoors. Ha! Ha!), because it just rules.

When skateboarding (at least for me) it was all about the trick. Sometimes, quite often in fact, it was a disappointment not to land them all consistently. Skateboarding was also a very urban enterprise.

Mountain boarding on the other hand is not (at least now) a particularly urban experience, and although it can be about the trick, it is for me very much more about the ride, from top to bottom, A to B.

I used to think surfers were full of it when they went on about surfing having a spiritual side. I used to think they were hippies, or a bit keen on Jesus. But then I used to be a little shit (as opposed to a big shit now? What a lovely thought. Ha! Ha!). The thing is, I am starting to subscribe to this now, and although I am certainly nowhere near the oceans that surfers rave about, my waves are green.

When I start at the top of my undulating green waves and strap in, it is special - the view across the valley, and the lack of concrete surroundings. Far more intense and magnificent than riding a skateboard down a tarmac road.

Turning into the gradient you pick up speed, and the meaning of everything else just drops away, leaving an incredibly pure and childlike joy, one not easy to describe with words, and life changing in its magnitude.

Feelings like this cannot be bought, they are worth more than money, and they certainly can't be sold.

With my ripped shorts and tshirts, smelly pads, and noSno, as I crouch down and lean back into the carve, I feel the hint of a smile momentarily break through the concentration that stains my face, and I let my fingers rake the grass, that feeling is hard to describe.

Yes, I feel something spiritual.

words by andy w.

The first time I went mountain boarding was at Roundhay Park in Leeds. The previous night I'd been given a taste for it, after a boozy party, my housemate pushed me home on his old Scrub board. With many a wobble and near fall we made it home and I promise to go out for a full days ride with him the next morning.

11:00am, the hangover had kicked in and I was regretting yet another boozy promise I'd made. We were halfway to Roundhay Park, halfway de-hydrated and half wanting to be in bed recovering.

We make it to Roundhay and I attempt my first slopes. I've never done any kind of boarding before, never been skating or skiing before, only a brief go at BMXing. My first few goes go quite smoothly, the fresh air and exercise clearing the cobwebs and grogginess from my mind. The slope is an easy one, longish and quite gentle, with a small drop off at the end. We spend a couple of hours here and I start to get more confident. Seeing Andy attempt his first 360's inspires me to try some jumping myself. Five slams and one headache later, amidst the laughs of a few of the locals, I give up and move on...

...To Hill 60. Hill 60 has become a bit of a nemesis for me since this day. It's a short fast run which crosses a concrete path at the bottom and has a small, natural kicker at the end. I didn't even make it to the path! With many an "it's not too bad" and a "you'll be fine" from Andy, I attempt the run. Halfway down, speed wobble kicks in and SLAM, the worst of the day. Not quite sure where I am or what just happened, I sit up and open my eyes, to be greeted by a wonderful myriad of colours. The sky was purple, the grass orange and I could've sworn that Andy was the devil! Lying in bed that night, picking blades of grass out from under my eyelids, I think 'next time I'll wear a helmet!'

My second mountain boarding day out took place a few months later. Andy invited me out for another all day session and I was introduced to the wonderful Welly and his marvelous MBS Comp 16, how could I refuse!

We fill the car full of technology, hit the button which plays rock music and head out. First stop, Horsforth Golf Club. We check out the first tee and pop into the club shop for a score card, hoping for a map of the place. No luck, so we decide to leave with the promise of returning one day. A short stop at Another World and a quarry we'd heard of and it's off to Shibden Park and finally, some riding.

Shibden Park is split into two runs, one short easy run at the top which joins on to the main park and big wide hill for the second run. I practice at the top for a bit and get used to the MBS, slamming once or twice, but I'm wearing pads this time and feel quite clever with myself and laugh it off.

The second hill was damn good fun, I fling myself down it and manage to rattle my way to the bottom without injury. We stop for an ice-lolly which takes our mind off the blazing sun and have a play at the bottom of the hill. There's a short run at the bottom which gives you enough speed to jump off this five foot drop off and up to a natural quarter pipe. I practice riding it and manage to 180 at the top of the quarter pipe and ride it out, which pleases me no end. I've actually managed to land my first trick and annoy Andy and Welly by talking about it for the rest of the day.

After a couple of hours at Shibden we head back to Leeds and Roundhay Park. We ride the usual spots for a bit, Hill 60 proving to be the bane of my life, and go and explore the rest of the park for more runs. We manage to find a couple of spots including a personal favorite of mine, a run which starts in the ruins of an old castle gate and runs down to the lake, short and fast.

A week or so later I get invited out again to a quarry not far from Sheffield. Not wanting to miss the opportunity to ride Welly's MBS again, I tag along. First we head to a BMX track we'd heard of but it turns out to be a bit slow. We make the most of it and I get the nickname of Zombie from the local kids. Apparently I ride with my arms stuck out like a Zombie, thus the name... I can live with it!

We make it to the quarry and ride a couple of spots for a bit, but some dirt bikes turn up along with someone doing handbrake turns in a car, kicking up tons of dust... annoying bastards!

We decide to head for Temple Newsham in Leeds and the public golf course, one of my favorite new spots. There are a couple of ace runs at Temple Newsham, a nice easy long run with a drop off halfway down, a bit slow but nice and long. There's a really good short quick run with a bunker jump at the bottom and, my favorite, a short path running down from the green onto a tee, it looks a bit like a ski jump and is ace for practicing jumps. We spend a good couple of hours here and I manage to nail an Indy grab. Feeling rather chuffed with myself I start showing off for the golfers, bailing and looking like a fool most of the time, but fun none the less.

After a while we head back to Roundhay Park and the dreaded Hill 60 and I finally conquer it, even managing a small jump off the natural kicker at the bottom. Feeling like kings of the slopes we call it a day and head off for some celebratory pints at the local pub.

There's something about mountain boarding. It has a certain appeal to me which most other extreme sports don't. I feel at home, out in the hills, surrounded by trees, animals, birds and the rest nature has to offer. Breathing the clean air of the countryside rather than the dirty poisonous fumes of car exhausts. Grass not concrete, woodland not housing, dodging squirrels not traffic... and most important, a glorified plank of wood and a hill to ride down.

words by dicko



NO WAR! dicko rocks



"brains! brains!"... (dicko's zombie style)
send more paramedics... one fractured ankle.



LONDON BOYS AND GIRLS. CARVERIES. LAGER. THE PRIORY.

L*A*R*D ASS
London and Regional Dirtboard Association



No one ever comes to see us. We always have to make the effort to go somewhere else. There, I said it. I've had a moan.

The flip side to this shiny 10p piece is that we have to go see other people. So be it.

New rider Matt and usual suspects Welly and myself are on the road again, in Welly's not so trusty old VW Passat. We have been up north to ride with men who wear tartan skirts, and now we're off down to the Priory Farm centre, and the land of lager tops and jellied eels.

Certainly London's not the first place that springs to my mind when thinking 'mountain boarding' but then the pub isn't the first place that springs to mind when thinking 'sandwiches' (or maybe it is!) but my local does cracking sarnies!!

The hangover is subsiding with the help of Matt's formidable smoothie making abilities, and after pissing about buying lenses we're off.

It's the 27th July.

On the motorways we make good time, Breach is providing a dark and arty metal soundtrack and Welly (with vegan chocolate cake round his mouth) is driving. Matt

(Dicko) is sat in the back reading our first ish, which we got back from the printers yesterday.

Well chuffed!!

London traffic saw to it we didn't get there until 10 minutes after it started lashing it down. And lashing it down. Boo.

Not into coming across as soft, we got sorted and went in to the centre, and even the rain couldn't stop us from smiling. This place is well worth a visit.

We soon meet Joe and Adam, Welly having already known Joe (whose funky new bindings will be released as soon as the companies supplying the ratchets get their arses in gear) for quite a while now.

We have a cup of tea and chat, watching the rain come down in sheets, with no sign of letting up (bloody southern weather!! It was well nice when we left Leeds!!).

We also meet Clive, a prominent member of the London scene after riding for just a year.

Although raining people are still riding; some guy on a noSno with a red motorbike helmet and the coolest Aboriginal style sleeve tattoo is straight lining a black run. His mate looks at him, and then us, and signals he's crazy. Hmmm. We pays our money.

Priory farm in Redhill, Surrey is the first centre I have been to with a lift. Well



luxurious it is too, although in some ways I like to catch my breath at the top of the hill before I concentrate, and look for the line.

We do a couple of runs, getting immediately soaked, one of which is the insane half pipe run, a fantastic half tube cut into the hillside, a bit like the half pipes you see in snowboarding comps. I stay on my board for about a third of it; the rest spent sliding about on the sodden ground. Welly doesn't fair much better.

We give up, everyone else being stood under a shelter by the kiosk. Two U.S. riders (a Mr Leon Robbins and a certain Mr Sayer White) have been giving tuition, and give out some prizes to the kids. We give out zines with fingers crossed.

After a relatively disappointing start to the weekend, a decision is made to head to the pub, and things start looking up in some respects.

We are joined by Mandy Gallant a girl rider featured in last ish (nice to put a face to the name), her bloke Scott, Anthony Pullit, The Evil C himself (Clive) and of course Joe and Adam.

Here's some of what was said.

Adam. I met Joe in Cardiff, we both worked at the same office. Joe moved to London and met Clive. Clive heard about mountainboards and thought, "that's fucking great" and got Joe into it. Joe got me into it and then those two guys started the web site (the LARD web site).

Clive. It all started around the Priory really.. me and Joe started riding at the Priory and more and more people started coming along. And we thought, sod it, why don't we start something up. It'd been triggered off by BAD (Bristol and District club). Once BAD started,

we thought, yeah we should do that.

Joe. And yep, we just had to come up with the right contrived acronym.

Clive. Joe came up with the name, and we'd all gone away and one week later Joe goes "hey, guess what, I've registered the domain name and built a web site" and bang it went from there.

Adam. So it started from the Priory and then the shops really, meeting skaters round Greenwich, who got involved and stuff like that.

Clive. But since then, I think the web site has brought a load of people in. They go to the AT-BSports web site and then see our site.

Adam. One of the things that got people involved was going round to all the shops selling mountainboards and asking if they could put a flyer in with every board they sell and basically they've gone, yeah fine.

Joe. The only one that hasn't was Slam City in Convent Garden. They're a bunch of cunts. Because they don't sell mountainboards, they will not do anything that's not pure skating. Even longboards... they really are so far up their own arse.

Adam. I don't even live in London, I live up in Leicestershire. I come down pretty much every weekend. I've known Joe for what, 4 years now, and Clive for 2 or 3. It started off coming down to see a few mates, now it's coming down to see a few mates and go boarding with everyone.

Joe. Alex is the same. He comes up from Southampton, on his scooter. With a Dirt-surfer.

Adam. I think the other reason LARD has taken off is the area it's in. It's a lot smaller



rider: andy w., lard riders (in background)



scuz and lard at the priory.



old welly having a rest while everyone steams past.



some out of focus random blatantly enjoying himself.

area than you guys are in and there's so many more people. There's 14 million people here so even if only 1 in every 100,000 people are a mountainboarder, you're still going to get a quite a few people.

Joe. Usually get around a dozen riders on a weekend. We're not that officially organised... someone goes, "where are we going to meet?", "Priory sounds good" and then it's a case of whoever turns up.

Clive. A lot of it does revolve round posting a message on the messageboard and letting people know there's something going on.

Adam. It's nice just to be able to just go, "what are you doing this weekend?", "oh, I think I'll go to Out To Grass", "That sounds good, I'll come along".

Joe. We tend to get a lot of riders on wednesdays for the longboarding sessions. We get all sorts, longboarders, dirtsurfers, mountainboarders, hard wheel boards... everything.

Well fed and watered, we headed into the city. Joe's housemate was out, and we have been given a room to crash in, which was nice, as having no tent the streets were, well damp to say the least, and the noxious qualities of our pads would have meant sleeping in the car would have turned us into quivering wrecks.

Stella's drank, medicine inhaled, and video's watched, we crossed our fingers and hoped the big mountain boarder in the sky would have some nice weather to offer us next day.

Bright and not particularly early, Sunday greets us with hope, clear skies, and a headache. Not the kind to stop us, but just let us know we were lucky to have a lift at the centre.

First port of call, or more like first, second and

third ports of call, Welly "Commando" Moore searched central London in vain for undies, and I managed to get a badge that declares my age, at 4.

Then it was off to Greenwich Park for a spot of Longboarding, and to hook up with Venezuelan visitor and Longboarder extraordinaire Fernando. There are a few sweet spots at Greenwich, but the previous day's downpours slow them considerably. We're soon back off to the priory, old Welly's still looking in vain for undies.

The weather smiles down, and spurs us on today, The Priory's sand heavy ground now being completely dry, the riding is perfect. Fast runs through the orchard turn into a sort of wacky races. Joe snaps and Adam and Clive shoot footage from Dirtsurfers as 10 or 12 riders hammer it down the course without one injury sustained.

This continues for about an hour, and then we have a rest, one fag, one tea.

While chilling in the sun and laughing at the footage (watch this space!!) who should happen to come shooting down the Boarder cross course? None other than Austin Robins, famed brother of Leon Robins and thoroughly qualified rider of MBS boards.

Although moderately star struck, today we decide to try and overcome our awe-struck selves, and attempt to blag an interview. As it happens, the truck on his Core 16 had just cracked (not sure if I should have included this, but honesty can be a good policy, when used sparingly).

How long have you been riding?

I started riding XTs (hard wheels) in '95 and rode those for 3 years then started going to the races in the States, doing really good. And MBS came up and gave us boards!

Bonus! So where you a skater or a snowboarder before?

I started snowboarding first and then skating and riding XTs about the same time.

What have you been up to this year? Competing?

I've been to a few small events in the US, just local things. I went to a place in Kansas and The Holler in North Carolina and then Sand Hill in California.

How's it been going?

Pretty good! Some pretty good results. There's nothing to show for it - bragging rights I guess! It seems like the same group of people go to every race so if you win one, you're up against them the next weekend.

Have you been on the Core tour?

No... I usually don't enter the freestyle events. It's not really my thing. I can do it but really have no chance of winning. and I hate getting hurt!

From a freestyle perspective, what would you say your best or favourite trick is?

Oh, I just started doing backflips. And I do grabs and shit..

That's not too shabby really!

No... I hardly ever do 5s. That's about as much as I can spin. I like doing slow backside 180s... mellow styled grabs.

What's it like riding with your brother? Do you ride together a lot and push each other? Is it quite competitive between you two?

No, not really.. he usually beats me, no matter what! I let him go off and I try to keep up. We've always been riding together and just try to have a good time.

Can you think of an impromptu.. your funniest or craziest mountainboard story?

Craziest story? I dunno.. We did a road trip filming for down and dirty, beginning of last summer and had a really shitty trip out in the desert, down in southern cal... 110 degrees.. and getting the RV stuck out in the sand! It wasn't good!

Thank you, Austin Robins!

Well, I think that's a pretty poor interview on our behalf, even if I do say so myself!! Definitely need to sort that out!! Maybe you yourself can do better? Please...be my guest, if you find anyone interesting, whose words should be allowed to blossom on Scuz's cheap recycled pages i.e. Vladimir Putin, Marilyn Monroe, Roger Moore, then send it in to Scuz. Or do it yourself, we have!! And we're well enjoying it!!

Back to The Priory, with Clive having finished another potent smelling reefer, he suggests a spot of freestyle. The jump at the priory is ace, if not a little daunting for first timers. I take my freeride to the top, and bottle it. Swapping for a go on a more reasonably sized board, I drop in, getting shot higher into the air than I am used to, and probably have been before. A bit of arm waving (actually a fair bit of frantic arm waving might be a better description!!) and I was on four wheels riding away. The Lard boys seem to be as happy with the freestyle as the downhill. No lack of style on their home turf (see Clive showing off on the front cover). Even Dicko had a go (it's not really a beginners ramp) landing some, bailing others, some nice indies for a new lad!! Welly's jumps are getting better, style is on its way, Clive

was grabbing shifties and tweaking melons (man!), Fernando was styling ever so slow 180 rotations, as was some young lad on a noSno, 180's with a controlled manual run out, well nice to watch (sorry I didn't catch your name fella).

I decide, as I had decided previously, that I want to try a backflip. I stand at the top, with a Comp 16, well bricking it. I wave other people on, as I concentrate on what I think the movement needs to involve. I wave people on first, them looking at me as if I'm a wimp. I want to let people know what I'm thinking of trying, it would be nice to get this on camera, no matter what the result, but I can't.

What if I bottle it at the last minute?

I stand there shaking with adrenaline, sweaty pits and palms, heart beat in my ears, and eventually roll in. My memory goes a bit shaky at about this point, but basically, I leant back and gave it some boot, but instead of pulling my feet in and looking up for the ground coming round, my back foot comes out of the binding, so I quickly decide to have a look at that instead. It's quite a sight, one foot attached to the board, both foot and board dangling against the summer backdrop, and my other dusty trainer framed beautifully against a pleasant afternoon pastel coloured sky. I then look up to see the floor coming at me, and manage to get my arms up a bit.

I land on the side of my head/face and left shoulder, somehow (no idea) not too heavily, and quickly jump up to show I'm ok. People's faces reminding me of that fateful day on Midlothian Golf course, where ribs and noses had their punishment administered (kind of surprised, mouth agape, that kind of thing).

I crash a fag off Adam, and flop to the ground at the back of the ramp, as the adrenaline fades. I guess I wanted to prove something...

Northerners are mad... Scuz are riders, something like that. I hope it worked.

Soon after it was that part of the trip no one looks forward to. But first it was off to the pub again, for a final jar (not shandy!! With no jellied eels!!) with Adam and Joe, Anthony, Austin Robins, and two boys from the centre (again who's names I don't know, apologies, I will try to get better at this!!) as well as myself, Welly and Matt.

Goodbye's said, it was a shame to leave, not least because I wanted to ride more, and wanted more beer, but because I had the opportunity to ride with a really cracking set of people, and got to meet people I seriously look up to. We are thoroughly urged on to the comp at Out To Grass. It is our intention to go. I hope I see this lot again soon.

Big thanks especially to Joe, for selling a couple of copies, and putting us up, proper good quality southern hospitality. Thanks to Adam, Austin Robins, Mandy, Scott the ex-geordie (Ha ha ha, he'll kill me for that), Clive, Anthony, the shop that Welly finally got some undies from, any one who bought a copy of the zine, the kids who rode the orchard with us, and any one else I forgot.

To get in touch with the lard team, go to:

<http://www.lard-ass.com>

and make yourself known. The Lard video is shaping up to be a quality representation of the scene in theirs and the surrounding area. Pop a message on the board, and I'm sure they will let you know when it'll be available. Also watch that particular electronic space for the great Schmoie bindings.

words by andy w.

DIRT SURFING IN THE UK

Dirt surfing, something that conjures up all kinds of images, but to many people, not one of riding down hills. This sport, to give it's correct name, inline boarding, is like the 4 wheeled variant, something that is beginning to make it's presence known. I've been riding my Dirtsurfer for around 6 months now. Perhaps to be more accurate, I've been shitting my pants on my Dirtsurfer for around 5 months and falling on my head for about a month. However, I keep going back to the beast, in my vain attempt to conquer it.

Rewinding back to 2001, at Midlothian Ski Centre and I came across my first Dirtsurfer, a silver GP owned by Robby Raschke, a one time rider with Northern Face ATB. While he seemed to have wonderful control over the Dirtsurfer, my numerous aborted attempts almost put me off riding one permanently. Going forward a few months to the noSno Freestyle challenge at The Hill mountainboard centre in Gloucestershire and a small team from Design Science, Dirtsurfer designers, and their then UK distributors were putting on a little demo to try and create a bit of interest in this slightly different way of getting down a hill. In the background, team riders Ben Sykes and Jay were screaming down the hill scaring the life of anyone who dared step into their path. I had to give this thing another try. After no more than 2 minutes of instruction, Matt Caley, one of Design Science's pro riders had me up and running on a Dirtsurfer and since then I'd never looked back.

Except for one brief moment of madness. The second day of owning a Dirtsurfer, I'd been pointed out a run which looked very easy... a nice simple run with nothing to fear. Should I pad up? What can go wrong? It's a beautiful sunny day, the grass is nice and soft. Let's just go for it. And that was the last I remember for several days. Always wear a helmet.

Since then, while not a regular rider, I still drag

out the old GP from time to time to get that kick that only a Dirtsurfer can offer. The scene in the UK, however, is growing in leaps and bounds, and there's rumours of a complete race series, perhaps next year. In the meantime, there is the occasional Dirtsurfer category at some of the organised 4 wheel events.

For me, I could never do without my 4 wheel board, however I'm beginning to think that of my Dirtsurfer too. I don't see them as competitors but as something that compliments each other and you can't fail to improve your 4 wheel riding after spending time on a Dirtsurfer.

And now, a bit of history.

WHAT IS THE HISTORY OF THE DIRT-SURFER ?

A few years ago in Perth, Western Australia, three adventurous teenagers sliding down the slopes of a Fremantle hillside on large blocks of ice set Graeme Attey thinking. Perth is one of the most remote cities in the world but it lacks surf in summer and never has any snow. In fact, the nearest snow-field is 5000 km away!

Graeme, a keen surfer, sailboarder and motocross rider, first tried to make a type of land windsurfer with wheels back in 1986, but could not quite get it to work properly. So this early attempt went under the bench in his shed and was forgotten for 12 years until Graeme saw the teenagers sliding downhill.

So he dragged the old prototype out and tried again. Over the space of a few weeks he chopped and changed geometry until the board was rideable. And then he made a second version with larger wheels which worked even better.

Surfing and snowboarding both have the common characteristic of that great fluid-turning motion and so from the outset, Graeme determined that to re-create that feeling on land, the board would need to be a two-wheeled in-line design. With three or four wheels, he believed it would never be possible to truly re-create such fluent turning characteristics.



1998 was a part-time development phase with design refinements were made throughout the year. By May 1999 the company set up to commercialise the product (Design Science Pty Ltd) finalized the design of the first production model and tooling was commenced to initiate production. By November 1st, 1999 the first commercial sales to retail shops took place in Perth.

In November 2001 the world's largest sports production company (TWI) released a half-hour TV documentary on the Dirtsurfer throughout 60 countries. By early 2002 a licensee company had been appointed in the USA and the first ski resort with a Dirtsurfer hire fleet began operating at Snowshoe Mountain, West Virginia in the 2002 summer.

The company now has distributors in the USA, Canada, the UK, Germany, Switzerland/Austria, Spain, Portugal, New Zealand and Singapore. Also, team riders such as Cahn Mitchell, Toby Bellegarde, Quin Ng, Johnno Bendall and Jeremy Piesse have expanded the riding applications from just downhill off-road to also include high-speed downhill road, around town transport and use with kites and sails.

To be continued....

THE UK SCENE

The recent competition at the 4th and final round of the ATBA-UK championships, held at Out To Grass Mountainboard Centre, was probably the first Dirtsurfer competition to be held in the UK. Unfortunately it wasn't given the attention it deserved but like all things, you have to start somewhere.

Whatever the situation as far as officially organised events is, without doubt the UK scene is a very close but very welcoming one and the riders that make up the scene over here are some of the most enthusiastic, and to be frank, fucking insane riders you'll meet.

To get a bit more of an insight into the scene and why these guys choose to ride inline boards over the 4 wheel variety, we tossed a few questions at

them and this is what they had to say.

Huw. The speed, the smooth carving and the wind making my eyes sting.

I'd just like to add that it's good to see a mag taking notice of us. There hasn't been much in ATBmag. We weren't even acknowledged in the OTG Funday article.

Jow. The two wheels, provide much more speed as they are made for both road and offroad. Basically the ability to carve more freely is available. This makes it much more enjoyable and rideable.

Trev. The speed and versatility of a Dirtsurfer is better than the Go-slows.

Clive. I prefer Dirtsurfers in situations where there is either not enough speed on a 4 wheel board, or even too much (Dirtsurfer has a brake). I also much prefer filming from a Dirtsurfer rather than a 4W as you don't have to concentrate so much on steering or worry about catching edges etc and so can concentrate more on framing the shot. Films also come out much less shaky on a Dirtsurfer than a 4W. Dirtsurfers are ideal to film 4Ws from as you are inherently faster, but with a brake so you can match thier speed easier.

Joe. It's a different ride, smooth easy carving and loads of speed.

Jay. It's all about the speed, the fluid carve motion and the board itself. I never really had much interest in the four wheel boards, just seemed like a skateboard on steroids to me.

Do you ride a 4 wheel board as well as a Dirtsurfer and if so, why?

Huw. Used to but have just sold it. The Dirtsurfer is enough for me.

Jow. I'm well no good at mountainboarding. I'm good at snowboarding, but I find the turning aspect of 4 wheeled boards to be far harder than a Dirtsurfer, mainly because I havent ever practiced on one long enough.

Trev. Nope, see above.

Clive. Yes, I compete in the ATBA champs on a 4W, and as yet there is no Dirtsurfer class (This needs to be rectified!). I also like jumping 180 and riding switch a lot, which cannot be done on a Dirtsurfer. Freestyle on a Dirtsurfer is also only for the truly mad. Some things are better on a Dirtsurfer, some things are better on a 4W. Horses for Courses.

Joe. Jumps, slides, berms, rollers, rough singletrack stuff... the Dirtsurfer is limited; the 4 wheeler has more available to it.

Jay. No, although I have tried one when Kiteboarding and on a few gentle downhill runs, yuck... speed wobble blows goats.

How did you first discover the Dirtsurfer and how long have you been riding?

Huw. Saw Andy Cox riding one years ago. I thought it looked fun. Then I found a second hand Dirtsurfer and grabbed it. Never looked back. Been riding for about 7 months now.

Jow. I was chilling about in Manchester, and walked in to EXIT and saw one on the wall upon high. I didnt have a clue what it was, and about a year ago now. I met Ste morris and somehow got onto the subject of him having one. so naturally I fell in love after having a go, and have been riding now for about 10 or 11 months.

Trev. Random internet search for off road boards, the Dirtsurfer looked a lot more fun. I've been riding 3 months.

Clive. A fellow LARD member got one, I tried it and loved it. Riding on and off almost a year.

Joe. I saw them in ATBmag first I think...I've had one for nearly a year.

Jay. I saw it on boysstuff.co.uk early last year and thought to myself, "I am getting me one of those." 10 weeks later I managed to get hold of one a day before my birthday.

How would you describe the Dirtsurfer scene

in a few words?

Huw. Friendly and crazy.

Jow. Extreme, thrilling, up and coming, Hardcore, totally worth while

Trev. Friendly and filled with fellow idiots all dying to go fast and have fun!

Clive. Currently the Dirtsurfer scene is smaller than the 4W scene due to it being newer and having less exposure. It is full of nice people though, young and old with lots of talent.

Joe. Unable to find it's arse with 2 hands and a map.

Jay. A mature evolving sport, not for the faint-hearted.

So there's the riders, or at least a small selection of. The UK distributors, Munkey Distribution, are most definitely behind the scene and working on promoting the sport of inline boarding, and organising events. Julie from Munkey Distribution, told us a little about her background and the future of the scene...

"I got into Dirtsurfer beginning of 2002 - really liked the product and thought it was an absolute scream. I had contacted Dirtsurfer to find out about distributing the board as I thought there was a real market for this type of product. Go-slo boards are ok but there is a place for a quicker board. It is not there to compete against, as they are entirely different, but rather to offer a broader choice or just to be a different tool to use.

The current UK scene is very small but growing. The biggest problem is profile and geography. The riders out there now are real dedicated enthusiasts who just by their dedication and enthusiasm has brought the board forward. All of them are ambassadors for the product wherever they go. Dirtsurfer has a real WOW factor and I know if you ask any of the riders they will say the worst thing about the board is being stopped from riding by people who want to know what it is!

We have spent the last 6 months putting together a package that will appeal to the retailer and also media packs for the press and it takes time to follow up on these. NASS has helped and the retailers that we have now are really supportive and pro active. We will be running our own comp at Out To Grass on the 9th and 10th of August, and unlike the ATBA will be able to offer prize money and freebies as we are not restricted by the same politics. I hope that we will be able to work with them next year in putting together a series for Dirtsurfer as I think the work done by Stuart Kirk is nothing less than legendary (wish he did my accounts! Talk about Jesus and the loaves and fishes!). There is a lot of love that goes into making it happen every year but unfortunately that is only going to take you so far. There has to be money invested and sponsors attracted. I come from a very strong commercial background and feel that I would be able to attract the right type of sponsor for the series."

One of the more familiar faces on the scene is Ben Sykes. Just mentioning the name Ben to anyone who rides 4 wheels or 2, and the reaction is generally the same, "the crazy bastard who rides a Dirtsurfer?"

Ben is someone who I've been riding with many times in the past, when he was living up north, and always shows a mental attitude to riding. He's also a top guy, and always up for a laugh. Now deserting the NOBS, moving down south, we'd half expected him to start drinking lager tops and eating jellied eels but our recent chat at the final round of the ATBA-UK championships proved he's still as northern as ever and still a lunatic.

BEN SYKES INTERVIEW **(by Andy W. and Welly)**

Scuz. In a few words, introduce who you are

Ben. I'm Dancing Boy.

Scuz. Dancing Boy? Formally?

Ben. Ben Sykes, of NOBS, and MAD.

Scuz. Manchester and District... and now?

Ben. Now based in Cirencester, with team Munkey, the Dirtsurfer team. I've come down from Saddleworth - beautiful place.

Scuz. Have you been down there long?

Ben. Oh, about 2 weeks. It's cool but early days.

Scuz. So on with the questions. How many boards have you broken?

Ben. How many boards have I broken? We have the Mongoose Litecamb. My first board, I snapped a truck off on a boulder. It was quality! When I got into Nik and Leon's car I went, "nah, nothing wrong with my board!" Picked it up, put it in the car and the wheels fell off. Not riding the rest of the day then! So, an Outback after that, I trashed and bent an Outback. Then did a GP in, and then after that one did a prototype Flexideck, then went through 4 Flexideck decks and bent the shit out of the front end of a Flexideck.

Scuz. You've actually broken one of those? Ah well done!

Ben. Yep, totally trashed it! And that's the bend-ages and breakages of mine to date.

Scuz. I think I saw a photograph of you, in ATBmag, on the ATBmag big ramp.

Ben. Oh, that was quality!

Scuz. Tell us a little bit about that, you lunatic.

Ben. Right, I couldn't have done it without the American guys because they were hold my back wheel. To launch in, I had to put the wheel over the front of the down ramp, so I was already heading down. So they had to hold my back wheel for me so I could set off. So without

DIRT SURFING IN THE U.K.



rider: ben sykes - armed and dangerous

photo supplied by: www.dirtsurferfreeserve.co.uk



DIRT SURFING IN THE U.K.



rider: tom chapman. photo supplied by: n technology



rider: tom chapman. photo supplied by: n technology

them, I wouldn't have been able to do it.

Scuz. But you were...

Ben. Yep! The first time scared the shit out of me.

Scuz. I'm not surprised! Jesus Christ!

Ben. I was stood at the top, and you could see my legs shaking like mad.

Scuz. You did it though... landed it?

Ben. Ah no. I got into the bottom of the down ramp and just went splat! But yeah, got back up... "ah, that wasn't too bad actually", went splat a couple more times and eventually yeah, I got it. Sussed out the compression, made it over, pulled a couple of grabs but nothing stylish or impressive.

Scuz. You were on a Dirtsurfer man! Jesus! You were alright just to do it. That's for free riding really, isn't it? You put yourself on the most extreme ramp in the country. Fair play to you!

Ben. It's cool though, it's a fucking damn fine ramp. I must say that. It's a fine, fine ramp they built. It needs more tweaking but it's getting there man.

Scuz. That leads on nicely to the next question. ATBmag ramp, Steetley Quarry - big fucking drop offs. What else? General silliness. Why??

Ben. Why not?

Scuz. That's fair enough. Best answer you could have given. Have you ever dressed up as a girl?

Ben. Have I ever dressed up as a girl? No.

Scuz. Why not?

Ben. I've never had the opportunity to.

Scuz. That was a shit answer to that question...

Ben. Oh actually! I did used to do live role-play! And that involved dressing up in things that pretty much shouldn't be worn and wearing make up and shit, running around with foam swords, hitting people.

Scuz. That sounds alright. If you were a superhero, or a baddie, who would you be?

Ben. Oh Spiderman.

Scuz. Why?

Ben. Dude! Spiderman! Webs! Climbing, hanging there... oh man, and the costume! Dude! It's the costume!

Scuz. Have you ever worn your underpants on the outside of your trousers?

Ben. That's a good question! I used to have a Spiderman costume when I was younger.

Scuz. I think you need a new one. I'd like to see Spiderman on a Dirtsurfer.

Ben. Oh yeah! I really want to do it! But got to find a decent Spidey costume and I'll happily do it. I would happily do Spiderman on a Dirtsurfer.

Scuz. Let us know, we'd like to have that on our video zine. Right, you bail pretty hard on occasions. We've seen you take some pretty severe knocks but you haven't really knacked yourself much, have you?

Ben. No.

Scuz. Do you put this down to your jacket?

Ben. The magic jacket! Yes! Yes! Magic jacket! Definitely!

Scuz. Tell us about the jacket.

Ben. The jacket! I bought it for 20 quid about 4 years ago in a sale. Didn't wear it for fucking ages because my mum decided to iron it. Big iron mark right on it. And I was like, "what the fuck?" So I didn't wear it going out. Then going out boarding I thought "actually this is fairly nice." At Wiscombe, I went riding in it, and went face first down... slid fucking miles at on all the flint. Got up and thought, "one piece? Jacket one piece? Bonus!" You saw Wiscombe didn't you? Blood... lots of it, and ever since that, it's been my magic jacket.

Scuz. Tell us about Dirtsurfers! Why Dirtsurfers rather than 4 wheel boards? Sell it man, sell the product!

Ben. Speed. Balls out speed. Can you do 65 mph on your 4 wheel board? Unassisted?

Scuz. I wouldn't want to!

Ben. Why not?

Scuz. I'd get speed wobble!

Ben. If you didn't get speed wobble, would you want to do 65mph?

Scuz. Oh, I think so.

Ben. I can do that on this board. I can do 100mph on this board, given the right conditions.

Scuz. Do you know what the fastest you've been on that board is?

Ben. Yes, 67mph.

Scuz. Fucking hell! How did you work that one then?

Ben. Just going down the bottom road when

I was living in Saddleworth, hanging onto my mate's bull bars. One hand on the bull bars, one hand on the side of the van and he just pulled me along! I was going, "Faster! Faster!" and he was giving it "No! The van won't take it!" Ah it was absolute quality! But unassisted, I've had about 50 or so.

Scuz. I had a car that didn't do much over 50!

Ben. Yeah, it's about balls out speed, mate. Of course I fucking hate that at the front, the pivot point. So many times, I've rammed that into stuff and ohh it hurts! Because the board just goes STOP! And you go, "I ain't stopping!" Right over the front. But yeah, they are super smooth. It's smooth and it's beautiful, and if you do find that beautiful hill... cruising, it's just... ahhh!

Scuz. That's a boy in love! Tell us about your best ever session on a Dirtsurfer.

Ben. Best ever session?

Scuz. Can you pull one out of the bag? What sticks out in your mind?

Ben. That day I came to visit you? [to Andy W.] And you went, "no, no, no! I can't, my ribs are still fucked!", and I went off to Roundhay by myself. That was quality. I just hiked round all the back paths. That's the thing, although I love going out with all the NOBS, no one else rode a 'surfer.

Scuz. It did put you in a slightly limited position sometimes...

Ben. Yeah, and when you're out with other people, you can't just go and walk off to do some of that, some people are like "I can't be arsed walking" and things just become fucking messy. That day at Roundhay, it was just me and my board and just cruising down the hills, trying shit... drop offs, ploughing down fucking narrow tracks and stuff.. Yeah man! It's class man! And going out near me, when I wasn't

working going out at 2 in the morning, and hitting all the backroads. No lights! You don't want lights! All you can see is lighter darkness, which is the road, and dark darkness, which are the dry stone walls aside you and you go down being guided by that. And there's that beautiful coolness at night. I like that.

Scuz. Do you think inline boarding has got a positive future of its own or will it just be part and parcel of mountainboarding in general?

Ben. I don't know man, I'd love it to be part of the ATBA, but at the moment with the 4 wheelers... Today [Round 4 of the ATBA-UK championships] 174 people entered, there's no room for us. We have what, I don't know, 8 people, going down the Boarder X. They didn't finish the Open event. Probably we had summat to do with that, because we took up time. Maybe in a couple of years time when the ATBA series becomes a series for the top riders in the country and we have a top rider team type affair then yeah, it might work. The entry would be limited to maybe 80 people. There'd be time, but next couple of years, I can't see it. For now, we should maybe turn up to one event, the last round, and do a demo. Just 6 of us just doing a display.

Scuz. Well, I'm out of questions. Thanks for your time!

Ben. Pleasure!

Scuz. Keep it real and have a good life working with Munkey.

And that's Ben Sykes! Of course there are plenty more from where he came from in the UK scene. In fact, most Dirtsurfer riders are lunatics of one kind or another. I suppose it comes with the territory - if you're going to ride a board capable of 100mph plus, then you've got to be a little bit Norman Bates.

If you're unaware of the Dirtsurfer, firstly,

where have you been? Secondly, you can get in touch with Dirtsurfer riders on the Munkey Distribution messageboard at www.mkyd.com and click on the "Dirtsurfer Forum" link. If you ever want honest answers to questions about the Dirtsurfer, then the guys there will tell you all you need to know.

Thanks to all the guys who responded to the questions about the UK Dirtsurfer scene, to Julie from Munkey Distribution with her stance on the scene and of course Graeme Attey from Design Science in Australia, the designers of the Dirtsurfer. Ben, as always, a pleasure, good to catch up with you at Out To Grass mate! Hope to see you soon dude!

So that's the Dirtsurfer. It really is quite something, and it would be wonderful if inline boarding became a sport in it's own right. While the connections between mountainboards and the Dirtsurfer are there, is it quite honestly a different riding experience. You should try it out.

words by welly, graeme attey, julie munkey and a whole host of dirtsurfer mentalists

my fiRst mounTainboaRd comp

This was an excellent weekend (despite the title sounding a bit Fisher price!!), one I was still buzzing about at work the Friday afterwards.

The LARD boys persuaded us well, and so we're here at the 4th and final round of the UK ATB championships. Wasn't sure if I was going to be able to make it due to work, but blagging team mates, and managers and swapping shifts I eventually got it sorted.

We arrived tired and already sweaty at about 11pm, excited. We quickly picked a spot, and pitched tents and got sorted before having a wander about to find some familiar faces. We are welcomed by the LARDsters, and get to meet one or two NOBS as well.

There was some footage playing silently on a big screen erected for the weekend, so we watch some footage of the previous two rounds. Not wanting to go too crazy on the first night we made it a fairly early one to be ready like Eddy the next morning.

Although ready we weren't until about 11am, what with finding cash and a bite to eat, registering for the downhill and freestyle comps and joining the ATBA (All Terrain Boarding Association), all the stuff that must go with events of this kind.

It was actually a very nostalgic experience for me, as when I were a lad (Oh yes, here we go... blah blah delivering newspapers at 4 in the morning in the winter months with no shoes on over icy cobbles etc etc!!), my Dad used to take me to BMX race meets. The starting gate and the race track, registering and meeting the familiar faces brought it all back to me; though

this time I have swapped two wheeled bikes for (mostly) four wheeled boards.

Competitors are practicing on the boarder cross course, a fairly lengthy affair designed by our American visitors, and built by Mr. Potters own "Makin' Trax". It looks good more akin to the BMX style courses I have seen on the U.S. websites, in comparison to the more extreme downhill's that are more common this side of the lake.

I imagine it's a nice change for some of the competitors; many more riders at the intermediate level will be able to complete the course without coming off. Even I managed it!! The beauty of having a course like this one, where just about every rider can do the lot with out coming off is that rather than a cross between luck, skill, and an act of God to stay upright in the extreme conditions, it becomes much more about riding style and ability. Can you jump rollers? Take the racing line every time, but hold your speed if you can't take it? Hold on at speed through the last two hairpins?

This I think was reflected in the range of times, from my bloody atrocious one minutes twenty seconds, to Leon Robbins scorching forty six seconds.

I only got one practice run on the course (my feeble excuse for doing shit) and I was sweating, the heat was intense (one of the hottest on record) which meant quite a bit of discomfort for fully armored riders, but a top sunny day for spectators, of which there was quite a few, but being my first competition I couldn't say more or less than usual. Good God though, it was hot, hot, hot. Anyone selling cold lager was in



sweet method...



falling asleep on the job. must be tired.



"come on you riders!!!" - steve birkbeck

huge, huge, sweet tail grab...



danger of having their hands bitten off!!

Not usually a proponent of pro Americanism, it has to be said, the US riders are well worth watching. As I was racing I was a bit pre-occupied and couldn't properly spectate (I came off on the last berm in my first heat, and would have loved to have seen it taken at what must have been twice as fast as myself – considering the times) so I didn't see the full length of the race. However out of the starting gate I think it was only the first two rollers that weren't entirely cleared, every double and triple afterwards was well cleared. I saw cracking racing from the younger riders as well, Mr. Herniman, Rennie Miles particularly sticking out as well as our guys Chewy and Rhys Crilley.

I don't want to go on too much about who won what because although undoubtedly that is important to some people, I really enjoyed just being part of it, meeting loads of boarders I had only spoken to or argued with on the ATB message board, soaking up the ambience, and the rays.

Competitions seem to have a great vibe, everyone is there to enjoy themselves and have a laugh, it feels like a mini festival, with better toilets, and mountain boarding instead of music as the main attraction.

Apparently we had a record at this year's 4th and final round; one hundred and twenty seven riders entered the open boarder cross. Pretty good!! Again didn't get facts and figures about the rest of the stuff but hey! No-ones perfect!! Least of all me, plus I was sulking after I had failed miserably to qualify!!

So, less about racing, what about the weekend in general? Entertainment was a bit thin on the ground, and whose fault was that then? Certainly not Ians (the owner manager of the Out to Grass Mountain Boarding Centre), oh no. It was apparently some London dickhead with over sensitive ears and (for whatever reason) a

dislike for extreme sports... What a twat. Want to complain how this prick stopped you getting maximum enjoyment from your weekend? Want to big up Out to Grass, and stop this moron from trying to shut them down? Grab your quill and pen your mind. Send the rant to

Hereford County Council
Northern Area Planning Committee
Blue School Street
Hereford.

You can personally make a difference to the future of this centre. Please show you care, it doesn't take long to write a letter. That little unpleasantry over, back to the sweaty dirty fun!!

The races were great to watch, especially the noSno team, the younger lads (who are fearless), the girls (who doesn't like watching girls?!!) and the masters (read old gits, ha ha). Thoroughly star struck I met the big names, and finding that they are just as happy to chat to myself as the next man was heartwarming (it's not so good to meet your heroes and find out they are a bunch of twats!!).

The centre has to stop all activities and noise making at 8pm, which was when the races finished (due to Mr. Pratt, the anti-mountain boarding activist), leaving some finals still to be ran the next morning.

This was a shame, as with the weather being as it was (the hottest weekend on record according to the MET), eight o'clock was still light, but the day was starting to cool off, making riding more comfortable and enjoyable.

Oh well, time for chilling out, the big screen was back on with sound tonight, and this became the main focus of the evening, as we watched footage again of the previous three rounds, and an arrangement where people could put footage of their own scene on was in place. We were treated to no less than two mountain boarding premiers, Jockass the movie, the

Scottish boys showing us thoroughly gnarly terrain, and what they can do and where. Then the LARD premier, again quality riding, at The Priory, Greenwich Park, and assorted street and woods spots in and around the city. Both excellent quality movies with top notch filming and production. I also saw 'mountainboarding TV' which was good if not a little cheesy. Then, despite other people having their footage to show the scene at its biggest gathering of the year, a certain Mr. Packer decided "to fuck with everyone else. I am putting on Dogtown and the Z-Boys!", while ignoring protests from people waiting in line to play their footage.

Draw your own conclusions. Not that 'Dogtown' is a poor film, far from it. I just personally would have liked to watch the home movie efforts of the board riders. There was also some fireworks as a bit of an end of year finale, and as a thank you to Stu from the ATBA, who's hard work and effort had made this series the most successful to date. Nice one Stu.

I decided a joint and a bottle of wine should be supper, before getting some shut eye. We'd found some old wood kicking about so made a bit of a camp fire, and settled down, soon getting heavy eyes after discussing the days events with fondness.

The morning dawned hazy and muggy. I felt like I had had a bottle and a half of wine and a smoke the night before. Which I had, so no surprise there!! After some thunder and a bit of chucking it down, the sun came out and summer continued. So did the fun. In fact (certainly for me if not for everyone else) it was turned up a notch. Sunday was not much cooler than Saturday, but enough to make it considerably more bearable than the day before.

The last of the boarder cross races were up first, and the standard of racing was every bit as impressive as you would expect. Those who you would have expected to do well did, but there were a few surprises as well. I haven't

written down all the results, as if you were there, and you cared about it you would know, and if you weren't there, that is your fault!! You should have come!!

Next up was the freestyle; it was the event that I had primarily been looking forward to competing in and watching. Youth was first up, and some of the kids can really fucking ride man!! There are people in the lower age categories that could easily challenge those in the (18 – 30) open category. No lack of style either from the younger riders. Hugeness, tweaked Japan airs, holding the grab for ages, really tweaked sick stuff.

One guy whose name I didn't get, when asked what trick he was going to attempt said merely "going big". He wasn't bullshitting, he nearly, cleared the lot (the lot being a run in to a bloody sizeable packed dirt table top with two transitions, a smaller one dropping away sooner, and a bigger five foot (ish) transition with about 5 foot of table top before the sloped landing ramp drops away for about 12 or fourteen foot).

Surprisingly though the freestyle wasn't entirely stolen by the yanks, Alex Downey's enormous styled and grabbed front flips were the judges favourite on the day, and having met the tatham brothers first time that weekend (particularly chuffed as I love their boards and was kindly lent some eight inch wheels for the freestyle) I was dying to see what their freestyle would have to offer, knowing that the lads appear to prefer free-riding as opposed to the American dominated freestyle riding. I had never seen anyone do corked 540s before Pete Tatham did them. Mouth open, I was happily eating flies. I have since gone back to being vegetarian, but have not forgotten watching that trick.

It was quite a big ramp, but I was surprised that only 25 entered the freestyle compared to the hundred and twenty odd that entered the downhill. I had signed up to have a bash though, and so gave my (already) skin free



meditation at out to grass. two gay boys on a summers day.

Is that sayer white falling off? fuck me! I bet he expected that less than we did!! he probably rode it out, the sod.



elbow, and palm of hand another good twatting, doing nothing particularly impressive. And in considerable pain, was glad when it finished.

This wasn't to be the end though. Oh no!

A new feature at the Out to Grass mountain boarding centre (and another reason to go and bash Ian's neighbour, or alternatively write to Hereford County Council) is the slope style. Again designed I believe by our MBS Bomb Squad visitors, and built by Mr. Andy Potters Making Trax.

This next and new event is a mountain boarding equivalent to its snowboarding relative, is like a mud skate park, rather than one bloody big kicker it is a series of freestyle obstacles. A small run in drops down to a choice of two rails, one straight forward, one straight, one kinked, then down to a choice of two transitioned hips, with a gap in the middle, running down to a medium sized table top with a three directional run in (one facing the top for missing out the first two obstacles, two for hitting the ramp diagonally on after using the first two obstacles) and one final and biggest table top at the end. It was a very well sculpted and well designed area.

What can I say? It went OFF. Big time, the best shit ever!!

'So fuck', to Mr. "Moved out to the country from the city and don't like extreme sports" Tosser. The DJ (who had been spinning tunes all weekend at slightly lower volume but without much attention from me, sorry DJ!! I liked what you had been playing) turned up the volume, and changed from dance to party music. Lazy Sunday afternoon, Foo Fighters, Beck, Grandmaster Flash, some assorted and wicked Hip Hop, which I wish I knew the name of.

The sun going down some (bathing the spectacle in a warmer and less intense orange glow) was still top off, catch some rays hot. But the boarding (after all what I am supposed to

be talking about) was fucking ace. Too knacked to ride myself I grabbed a quick beer after the freestyle, packed some shit up, and got a reefer ready in anticipation. I had an idea of what to expect but the surprises that this sport throws up, and the experimental riding on show at the slope style is what makes me love (heart and fucking soul) this sport.

Dirty and in pain I luxuriated, and washed my mind in medicine, nodded vigorously to the tunes (as did the other equally impressed spectators) and applauded as much as I could (missing part of the palm of my hand made loud clapping difficult. What a melodramatic tit – ed) I was treated to the best and spectacular and friendly jam of the weekend. Laybacks, board slides, grinds and some slams on the rails (including a formidable board slide effort from dirt surfer Ben, on a flexi deck), hand plants, stalls and every type of air and transfer on the first two hips going to madness on the back two jumps, huge airs, tweaked and styled grabs, back flips, 540's, you name it. Little boys were going for it, old boys were going for it, and Sayer White was dancing his way back up to the top whooping the crowd up. It was amazing. Fucking superb.

I felt the happiness warming me from deep inside myself (maybe with a little help from the reefer!!). I felt like I belonged. After an hour and a half of this quality entertainment it was the end of year award ceremony. Talking about this is pointless. I'm sure it was very enjoyable for those winning, more enjoyable for those repeatedly winning, and ace for anyone who really loves the sport and those who take part.

And well, that's it. I have personally vowed to enter every competition next year, if nothing else just to be there. I have even convinced my girlfriend to come to the Maxtrack Classic. I hope we get our arses in gear and can show you this issue of Scuz then.

In the immortal words of Steve Birkbeck, "Come on you riders!!"



does he land it? hope so. good effort!

two's up.



win an amazing holiday in cuba...

...if you collect the vouchers in next week's The Sun.

However, this is Scuz, and we're a bunch of tight northern bastards, so the most expensive thing you're likely to get out of us is a pair of socks, as lifted from some Leeds sports shop.

The response to last issue's competition was, how can we put it? Fucking disappointing. There was one entry to the Scrub accessories competition, by Jack Herniman, but would have been a hard entry to beat. The question to the answer was in fact:

How many times has world record holder Roy C Sullivan of Virginia, USA, been struck by lightning?

But to be honest, you could have sent us any question and chances are you would have won. Like Jack Herniman did. His question was quite something. Being the useless bastards we are, we lost it though. However, rest assured, we'll dig it up for next issue and you can read the marvel that is "Jack's Question".

So it's as simple as that. We would have even bagged up the prize and sent it to you! But well done Jack, you receive the Scrub goody bag plus a few additions from a recent shop lifting spree.

The second "What The Fuck Is It?" competition had a bit more of a response, so cheers to everyone who sent in an entry.

Suggestions as to what the fuck they were ranged from "two really big Tampax for really fat women" to the more sensible, and probably correct answer of "grab handles". Well done again to Jack Herniman for his "two really big Tampax for really fat women" suggestion.

So far, without any donations of decent free

shit, competition prizes are currently being stolen from nasty corporate enterprises. The justification behind shop lifting shall be given in full next issue.

Which brings us on to this issue's answer! And while we're on a theme of prizes, if anyone wants to send us some, they'll be gratefully received, and it might keep us out of prison long enough to produce the next issue.

We go out riding every night. Then we have a few beers and sometimes a smoke. Then we get very hungry but we can't be arsed cooking late at night. But occasionally when we do sit down to have something to eat, we like to eat nice food. Send us in your best vegetarian recipe and we won't come round and hassle you for money. We might even send you a prize. It'll be shit. What do you reckon?

So there's the challenge. Best vegetarian recipe wins summat shit. All entries to the usual addresses:

Emails to scuz@nobs.org.uk

Mail to:

Scuz,
133 Brudenell Road,
Leeds,
LS6 1LS

introduction

The Scuz spot guide will be a regular feature in the zine and will visit a different part of the country each issue. Eventually we aim to cover all the best riding spots our country has to offer so you, the rider, have an indispensable guide to mountainboarding in the UK.

The kind of spots we're featuring will range from golf courses to woodland to great big grassy hills to parks. We're not going to discriminate. If you have somewhere you love to ride and would like to share with the rest of the scene, write it up and send it in.

At this point, we really should have a legal disclaimer saying something along the lines of "if you ride these spots without permission then don't blame us if the dogs are set loose on you, blah blah blah."

You know the drill. Just don't blame us if you get caught riding somewhere you shouldn't really be riding, alright? Although saying that, we strongly believe that all of Britain's green and pleasant land should be freely on offer for everyone in this country. There's millions of acres of land that is hidden away and access to this beautiful land is denied to all except a select wealthy minority. This is criminal, not the people who want to enjoy it.

All we can say is if you're going to ride not only the locations we're featuring, but other public or private places you know of, don't damage the land, and treat it with respect.

For detailed directions to these spots, simply log on to the Interweb and check out the Scuz web site for maps to the spots.

www.nobs.org.uk/scuz

the north

As Scuz are northerners, then where better to start than the north? Our hills are bigger than

yours, but unfortunately our hills tend to be owned by farmers who have a habit of fencing off fields. While hopping over a fence to session a spot isn't such a bind, when you're bombing a hill and a stone wall appears out of nowhere, it has a tendency to put a downer on a day's riding.

This means we have to make use of whatever we can find, and in this case, public parks, public golf courses, woodland and quarries. The north, in its current state of lacking much in the way of dedicated centres, is turning into freeride central. Through word of mouth, new spots are being discovered all the time and so we feel it's our duty to let you know of our findings, just on the off chance you're in the area.

If you are around the north, give the Scuz team a shout and we'll personally take you on a guided tour of some of the best spots the north has to offer.

Without further ado, here are some of the local riding spots that Scuz have been sessioning lately.

Remember, this guide is nothing without contributions so get them in! Next issue, the Midlands. All emails to scuz@nobs.org.uk

roundhay park

A public park of some size, Roundhay Park has numerous areas for mountainboard riders. The popular "Hill 60" is a fairly steep section of around 200 metres long crossing over a tarmac path onto either a flat run out that is the cricket pitch or alternatively a nice hip jump with a couple of small grass steps that can be used as little drop offs.

To the far left of Hill 60 is an alternative fairly mellow run of, again, around 200 metres but offering a great little lip at the top to get some air. Unfortunately at the moment there are renovations in progress on some areas of the park and they've fenced off this lip.

Directly straight on from Hill 60, over the cricket pitch and over the brow of the hill is a nice run towards the castle. Nothing that will challenge the riders from a technical aspect but a good mellow run down alongside the lake.

The castle, while we call it a castle, it's more of a wall section from some old ruins, is the entrance to the woodland which has some great drops, and is a part of Roundhay Park that really should be explored. But before you get to the woodland, riding through the castle entrance is a pretty steep run down a set of shallow steps, although you can bypass these and take the grassy run to the right. This gets pretty quick but there is a decent run out as the line goes up hill slightly at the end to slow the rider down.

Riding at Roundhay Park requires a bit of walking, but a bit of exploring. There is riding for all skilled riders, excepting perhaps the highest skilled riders, but even saying that, everyone loves a speed buzz, and Roundhay Park can offer this to everyone. Most times we've been riding at the park, new sections have made their presence and there's enough for a 1/2 days riding, perhaps more if you discover those hidden spots.



directions

From Leeds city centre, follow the signs towards Tropical World, if you see any. Otherwise ask old John on the side of the road. It's not that hard to find. Park up next to the skate park and Roundhay Fox pub. Job's a good 'un.

shibden park

A public park that makes up part of the Shibden Estate and lies just on the edge of Halifax, South Yorkshire. Shibden doesn't offer any technical riding but what it does offer is 3 seperate grassy hills upwards of 150 metres each, running one after another to provide one of the longest single runs I've ridden on a mountainboard. As you might suspect, it's a long hike back up to the top. It's a steep enough run on the middle section and gives you a great burst of speed. Dirtsurfer riders would probably love this as it gives them the opportunity to make wide carves or just quick straight line riding to the bottom.

On a recent visit to Shibden, a little drop off/jump area was discovered and provided entertainment for an hour or so, trying to get big air of this section. It can be found to the left of the main drag where a small clump of trees can be found. Its a fairly run of the mill step style drop off but to the right of the step the terrain rises up enough and steep enough for a little quarter pipe for a bit of freestyle action there. It's all about making the best of the terrain available.

To the far left of the main grassy hill is a long, roughly 300 metre tarmac run past a 9 hole golf course (yet to be explored) which on a quiet day is a fast smooth run. Directly opposite the run out from both the road run and the grassy hill is a small woodland which has also provided 1/2 hours worth of riding, with a few short places to session offering drop offs, a rough road run and a few woodland runs. This part of the park is all fairly mediocre not overly technical riding but Shibden is more about it's huge grassy hill which offers a plenty big enough hill for long chilled carving or wreckless straight lining for plenty of speed.



directions

Follow the A58 out of Halifax city centre, again a case of following the signs, to Shibden Hall. There are two car parks, one at the top of the hill, one at the bottom but you can't fail to miss the huge grassy hill that is Shibden Park.

steetley quarry

"The Quarry" has a bit of a reputation here in the north for some of the most full on riding available. Don't go to the Quarry with long runs in mind, they're all short but steep and very, very fast runs. Also expect plenty of onlookers in the way of mountainbike riders, MX riders and the odd car thief knocking about in their latest TWOC.

When you first visit the Quarry, on the right day, it's like a cross between the moon and a scene from Mad Max. Unfortunately during the summer when we've been riding there, the surface isn't too unlike the moon and has a tendency to be very slippery. This is not saying that I've ridden on the moon, but I can imagine all the moon dust would offer a similar riding experience to riding the Quarry in the summer. The other problem with riding at Steetley during the summer is the amount of MX riders and stolen car drivers. While they'll sit back and watch mountainboarders do their thing, it still gets somewhat hectic and very cluttered.

The runs themselves tend to be steep (70 degree) and fast. You're unlikely to get more than perhaps 5 - 10 second runs at the very most out of Steetley, but then this isn't the kind of riding you do here. There's no smooth easy carving to be done. It's all about full on adrenaline buzzes, huge drop offs, and having big balls. It's really not a spot for new riders to session either, but saying that, we've found the odd run which is a little less frantic. In the main, Steetley is for silly bastards or those riders with plenty of experience under their belt. "You're going down there? On that? Are you fucking mad?", was one comment by some young lad, devoid of any kind of protective equipment including, or excluding in this case, a helmet, riding a cut and shut Honda Cub 70 with MX tyres on. This perhaps says all there needs to be said.



directions

Turn right off Junction 36 of the A1(M) to join the A630. Head towards Conisbrough for about 3 miles looking for the water tower on the right hand side of the road. Turn right just before the water tower and follow the path (on foot) to the Quarry.

temple newsham golf course

This golf course is a public course, owned by the Leeds City council. While it's probably not a council approved mountainboarding spot, the Scuz staff have ridden there with no hassle from the golfers. It's a place dog walkers head out to let their hounds "relieve" themselves but luckily it's not caked in dog shit, or at least not on the main fairways.

The two main holes that have proven good for riding is hole 14 and hole 17. Hole 17 is a really chilled mellow run, on a wide nicely trimmed fairway. The hole is a par 4 hole, which in this case means its a good 300 yards long, convert that to metric if you will. Around 50 metres from the tee is a wicked drop off which you can get some nice air and with a decent kicker would make a great transition for a bit of freestyle action.

Further down the fairway towards the green are two mounds either side which can be used to get a bit of air, but don't expect much air time. They're there all the same.

Moving onto hole 14, this is a roughly 150 - 200 metre run with a steep fast start mellowing out towards the bottom, but still pretty rapid all the same. There are a number of bunkers which have offered jumping opportunities, but one in particular, a 15ft number that the man Andy W. has been winging his way over.

Hole 14 ends and Hole 15 starts. This is a very short uphill hole but one that has proven to be a great freestyle section. There's a gravel path running down between the green and the tee. The tee is an almost natural kicker, a fairly shallow one, but one thats been sessioned quite a bit and is great fun trying out new tricks on a safe bet of a kicker.

The other holes have been checked out but nothing that really stands out a great deal compared with Hole 14 and 17. Good spot and no hassle from the golfers ("You want to try hole 17 mate! It's far steeper than this one" - a golfer. "I don't think you should be doing that here" - a man without any clubs.)



directions

From Leeds city centre, follow the A64 towards York. It's sign posted and really not that difficult to find. Follow the signs and you'll see the golf course on the right. Parking at the top of the hill.

Tigers, Army of Flying Robots, The Murder of Rosa Luxembourg

Cardigan Arms, Leeds – Friday 22nd August.

Chinchilla presented tonight's gig at the venue containing what could possibly be the worst smelling shitter in leeds. First up are Tigers, on about their 10th gig and it shows. The confidence flows and the band shot through the entire set pretty quick. Not the tightest show I've ever seen them do, but you don't really go see a band like this for a lesson in proficiency. Bias broke a string early on but they continued to play. Loads of standing on drums, head butts and screamed vocals. Musically I can't really think of anything to compare them to, which these days really is a great thing. Very technical, fast time changes; the best thing is that with such a chaotic sound you still find time to nod your head. How the fuck they manage that I don't know – a good set. Watch out for a 7" on Chinchilla Records soon. Contact Dicko on 07855 855480 for gig info on Tigers.

Army of Flying Robots doesn't suit people of a nervous disposition. This is some of the loudest, most brutal fast hardcore/grind/sludge you're likely to find, and live you'll fucking see that. Actually took my earplugs out to take in the effort being made. The guitarist almost took his head off by jumping too close to the overhead

fans on a couple of occasions. They were dogged by mic/bass problems mid-set but still blasted through it. One of my favourite bands live, it's just great to see a band like that get up there and boot straight in with no fucking around for a change!!! Buy the 7" from Experiment HQ, 5 Thornville Street, Leeds LS6 1RP – 3 squid – trust me, you won't regret it. It's the kind of music you put on loud when you get home from a shit day at work.

The Murder of Rosa Luxembourg finished things off with a typically impressive tight set. I must admit I'm not the biggest of fans but I can still appreciate good technical spazzy hardcore like this! They pretty much create their own pit as everyone moves out of the way when they start knowing the band's penchant for rocking out into the crowd and spilling a few pints. They had the best sound of the night and it was a good note to finish on. Don't have any reservations about checking them out if they come near your town; I guarantee it'll open your eyes, if nothing else!! Don't have any release details I'm afraid but I think there's a 7" available so keep an eye out.

All in, a top night with good friends and a smelly bog – good effort.

words by andy madness

the murder of rosa luxembourg... 'huff/said.





tigers - rockin' it at the cardigan arms



brutal hardcore action by army of flying robots

In At The Deep End Records Fest**The Arena, Middlesbrough - Saturday 16th**

August. Okay, second to last on at the IATDE all dayer (which featured various UK punk/hardcore bands ranging from Guisboroughs pop punkers The New Lev Yashin right through to Leeds' dark, technical rockers Eiger) and first up for review are Steel Rules Die. Having never seen Steel Rules Die play live before I was eager to watch them. I'd heard real good things about them before and having now witnessed their live performance its easy to see why. They play punk rock/melodic hardcore in the vein of bands such as Avail and Hot Water music to anyone familiar with the genre. The music itself ranges from mid-paced to fast and has a very gruff, anthemic and rocky feel to it. Anthemic in the fact that the chorus' are very sing a long whilst still retaining good, solid punk rock sensibility and all important melody. That, combined with the confidence and energy that shines through their live set makes Steel Rules Die one of the UKs top punk bands and definitely one band to keep an eye on in future.

Up for us next are Leeds' very own Send More Paramedics. An awesome choice as a headlining band, these boys play what at best

could be described as the ultimate in Horrorcore – fast thrash hardcore, but with a bit of a twist. Zombies. Yes, these zombies tear through many a blistering song one after another at an alarming pace. Some would say blink and you'll miss it but blinking is not an option here – they look as evil as they sound. The singer launches himself straight into the crowd in a very animated, undead state, screaming at the very top of his lungs whilst still attempting to eat the crowds brains and involve them in the shouty back ups. Every song they play, from the creepy thrash attack of the opening number 'The Hordes' through to the brutal, stomping mosh of 'No Fucking Joke', is delivered with such tightness, stage presence and brain splattering, gut wrenching gore that makes them such an exiting live experience that no amount of words written can give them true justice. And yes, maybe the whole thing wouldn't work if the music didn't completely rip up a storm, but thanks to Send More Paramedics we'll never know. So, is zombie thrash going to take over the underground UK hardcore scene? I very much doubt it, but I hope that Send More Paramedics do!

words by slim

steel rules die. oh yes.



photo: the Mike McDonald



send more paramedics...

photo: the Mike McDonald



"brains! brains!"

photo: the Mike McDonald



"choke on 'em..choke on 'em!!!"

photo: the Mike McDonald



"shoot it man. shoot it in the head."

Something inspirational is happening in Argentina. It is only a shame that it had to be born out of such poverty, corruption and economic calamity. Throughout the 1990s Argentina was the model pupil of the neo-liberal school of development. In 1991, the peso was pegged one-to-one to the American dollar. What this means is that if one currency succeeds, the other does and, of course, vice versa. (In fact the strength of the dollar rendered Argentina's export economy virtually nonexistent.) Secondly, in accordance with the demands of the International Monetary Fund (IMF) the government privatised everything it could. Aerolinas Argentina, the state airline, and ENTEL, the national telephone company were both split up and sold to foreign multinationals and a handful of private Argentine investors. They were certainly not the only industries to go. The family silver was sold to the highest bidder and authority over large segments of the Argentine economy was handed to foreign companies. The Argentines were losing control.

The IMF, licking its lips, demanded ever more. Control of Argentina's burgeoning debt was given to international bankers with the result that it increased from \$65 billion in 1991 to \$160 billion in 2000. Cuts were demanded in state provision to the unemployed, the sick, the old and children. Now only a third of Argentina's state budget provides for health, education and social assistance. A full third goes directly to servicing (paying interest on) its debt, with the remaining third subsidising privatised pension schemes. Reporters from a comedy TV show recently cornered a delegate of the IMF, handing him a pair of vampire teeth and saying: "We found these in president Duhalde's neck and wanted to return them to you." In a country that currently has an over 40% unemployment rate there is little doubt that the neo-liberal experiment has not worked.

The good news is that the people in Argentina have decided to use their own methods to keep themselves in jobs and attempt to restore democracy and autonomy to their country. In December 2001 the Brukman brothers, owners of a high-end suit factory in Buenos Aires, left for good. They were overwhelmed by debt to creditors and owed their workers considerable back pay. Martinez, 48, a worker at the factory said that the owners "told us we were crazy if we thought they were going to bring back the money they'd moved out of the country just to pay us". In order to cling on to their only means of survival the workers hung out a banner that said "factory taken over".

The workers ran the factory as a cooperative with all profits split fairly between them. The project was a success. They were able to pay off the creditors and make a profit. All this in spite of having to learn the skills of management and retail from scratch, and restrictive laws that technically made the cooperative illegal. The Brukman factory is not an isolated case. There are currently over 50 factories taken over by employees after employer abdications with over 5000 people working for them. The collectives have as a representative The National Movement of Recovered Companies (MNER) which is lobbying for a change in the law to make the worker-owned factories legal. "The judicial system can't change reality and the reality is that these people are producing and selling retail in order to survive and earn a minimum wage", Lawyer Rubn Tripi said. "Their production doesn't put the factories' capital at risk. Besides, it has been proven that the owners abandoned the factory."

On a nationwide level there is much support for the collectives, as well as signs of a much larger and more ambitious grassroots

democratic movement emerging. Massive organised demonstrations blockading the Zanón ceramics factory in Buenos Aires have prevented the government from forcibly evicting workers from the new collective there. These demonstrations are part of the activities devised by new neighbourhood assemblies, which are groups of tens of thousands of local workers who hold organised meetings every week. These groups are connected with each other at the city and national levels. They work together to try and achieve true accountability from politicians and talk about creating a “citizen’s congress” to that end. The assemblies want more than just collectives. They wish to fully renationalise the worker-owned factories so that wealth can be shared further than the lucky militant few.

Why is all this inspirational? Because for once the promises of the Left are given some substance. The Argentines are showing the ability to organise and work together against an oppressive system of global finance. Moreover they are doing this in a wholly uncoerced fashion. This is not a Soviet style “revolution from above”, the type that always alienates middle classes and the independently minded. The Argentine situation is rather a genuine attempt at creating a fair and democratic society from the bottom up. Unusually the middle and working classes are both using the same methods of organised protest, civil unrest and faith in grassroots democratic institutions and aiming for the same goal. The goal is an Argentina that is no longer run by foreign multinationals and banks, and is run for the interests of its inhabitants, a surprisingly radical desire in the current climate.

Of course the Argentine government, police and army fiercely resist these changes. President Duhalde, in a supreme statement

of unintentional irony, called the assemblies “anti-democratic”. This gives some impression of the fright that they are inspiring amongst the “political class”, as the mainstream political parties are known. Secondly there is still enormous pressure from the IMF and the wider financial community. Two MIT economists Rogar Cabellero and Ridiger Dornbusch say that the solution to the country’s massive financial depression is for Argentina to “temporarily surrender its sovereignty on all financial issues and...give up much of its monetary, fiscal, regulatory and asset management sovereignty for an extended period, say, five years”. Washington and other Western governments are still clinging to the expectation that free trade is the only possible solution to the crisis in South America and the third world. Argentina is the great free market experiment that proved that contention to be both incorrect and highly damaging. Perhaps the Western economists should look at the new data coming from the test case. The Argentines themselves certainly have no more delusions about the global free market. Let’s hope the fledgling genuine democracy there will survive to take its place.

words by jim cranshaw, B.A.

scuz mountainboard video zine

Issue one of the scuz mountainboard video zine is almost upon us. By the time you read this, chances are it'll be available for purchase.

WHAT IS IT?

This will be the first of hopefully a quarterly video magazine, the first of it's kind in the UK, produced by the guys here at Scuz and contributions from riders all over the UK.

Filmed and edited in the same style as the Scuz you're reading now, it's grass roots, and features UK riders doing their own thing. While the video will be grass roots, featuring lesser known riders, many of the riders featured absolutely rip and you'll recognise a few faces no doubt.

ISSUE ONE FEATURES

- * The NOBS Road Trip to Scotland.
- * noSno Downhill Challenge at The Blinder.
- * Round 4 of the 2003 ATBA-UK Championships at Out To Grass.
- * Where to ride in West Yorkshire
- * Much more silliness including footage of this issue's Injury of the Month.

This is shaping up to be a cracking video, and will be an absolute steal at £8 on VHS video or £7 on Video CD. Check out the Scuz web site on www.nobs.org.uk/scuz for a free trailer video to download.

For more details on availability, drop an email to scuz@nobs.org.uk and we'll put you on the mailing list.



injury of the month

Bit disappointed by the response for our call for injuries! We had a few potential candidates but not enough blood or pain! Come on folks! Put a bit of effort in! Luckily the north came through again with quite an outstanding effort.

This issues injury of the month comes from a local Leeds rider, Eric Dockhorn. A recent session at Roundhay Park was looking very promising for all riders, although Eric, nursing a bit of a hangover was not feeling quite 100%.

A few runs throughout the day, Eric moaning about his lack of balance and bad head. "Don't worry about it Eric! A more few quick runs down Hill 60 and you'll feel right as rain!"

So off to Hill 60 we all went for a few last runs of the day, and while the younger NOBS, Rhys C., Jack Chew and Flan, taught a potential new rider or two, Eric and myself hit the slope with Eric doing his usual straight line runs.

While I managed to ride down, and do a tidy little jump down a drop off, even if I say it myself, Eric meanwhile, had got himself into a whole world of shit. Of all the places Eric could have slammed his face into, he had to choose the concrete. This is something better seen in pictures than in words, but a full action clip can be seen on the new Scuz mountainboarding video zine, see the previous page for further details. Meanwhile...





SCULZ

MOUNTAINBOARDING ZINE

100% ROCK 'N' ROLL